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CLASS OF 1877



A BOOK OF POEMS

BY
E. K. AND ARTHUR LINTON



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MORRIS GRAY FUND

Nov 17, 1930

LLANDRILLO CHURCHYARD, 1901

*The little church that sees the sun
Each evening redden in the West,
Averts the wind and looks upon
The grave wherein his dust hath rest.*

*The happy plain is sweet around,
The hills are folded far and near,
Through all the day, scarce any sound
Save of slow wave is wafted here.*

*He loved the earth ; He loves it still,
I think with some diviner view,
That sees the gradual waters fill
A thousand bays with creeping blue,*

*But holds this little lofty place
Dearer because we gather there,
Remembering oft his living face
And his clear accents raised in prayer,*

*And wonder where beyond the West
Or in what quarter of the sky
His spirit holds its happy rest ;
And dream at times we feel him nigh.*

*Yet this we know ; Past sun or star
He hath exchanged for toil or grief
The peace of God which passeth far
Our understanding or belief.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SONG, - - - - -	5
RAIN SONG, - - - - -	8
JOY, - - - - -	10
A SUMMER DAY, - - - - -	11
NIGHT, - - - - -	12
A SONG OF POPPIES, - - - - -	13
LIBITINA, - - - - -	15
HAPPINESS, - - - - -	16
VALE, - - - - -	17
ART, - - - - -	18
PURIFICATION, - - - - -	19
NATURE IN 1900, - - - - -	21
RAIN, - - - - -	22

THE TWO GARDENS, -	-	-	-	-	-	23
À TRAVERS LES ÂGES,	-	-	-	-	-	24
NOCTURNE, -	-	-	-	-	-	26
SEA BIRDS, -	-	-	-	-	-	27
LYRIC, -	-	-	-	-	-	29
A YEAR'S LOVE SONG,	-	-	-	-	-	30
SUMMER WIND, -	-	-	-	-	-	31
THE BATHER, -	-	-	-	-	-	33
THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD, -	-	-	-	-	-	35
HYMN TO BEAUTY -	-	-	-	-	-	38
INVOCATION, -	-	-	-	-	-	40
HOPE, -	-	-	-	-	-	41
THE MOON, -	-	-	-	-	-	42
STARS, -	-	-	-	-	-	47
SLEEP, -	-	-	-	-	-	49
SONG, -	-	-	-	-	-	51
ROUNDEL, -	-	-	-	-	-	53

CONTENTS

iii.

SONNET, - - - - -	54
SONNET, - - - - -	55
TO A—B—, - - - - -	56
DAWN TO DARKNESS, - - - - -	60
A FAR ISLAND, - - - - -	61
DESIRE, - - - - -	63
THE PRISONED HEART, - - - - -	65
THE END, - - - - -	67
IN NORTH WALES; BRYN EURYN, - - - - -	68
DARKNESS, - - - - -	69
LOVE'S WANDERING, - - - - -	74
LOVE'S AUTUMN, - - - - -	77
SPRING SONG, - - - - -	79
ODE TO THE WIND, - - - - -	80
QUATRAINS, - - - - -	84
THE DOUBTER, - - - - -	88
AFFINITY, - - - - -	89

TO F—R—	-	-	-	-	-	-	91
AFTER READING A HISTORY OF THE COM-							
MUNE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	93
IMPRESSION DU MATIN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	94
ROUNDEL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	95
THE DEATH OF DELIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	96
LOVE'S TRIUMPH,	-	-	-	-	-	-	97
SOOTHSAY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	102
NIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	103
ADORATION,	-	-	-	-	-	-	104
A SCHOOL BREAK,	-	-	-	-	-	-	107
THE PASSING OF THE YEAR,	-	-	-	-	-	-	108
THE HERMIT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	110

Song.

WHO loud his softest words and hushed in
vain

Who sings the music of the singing rain,
The trees soft smitten—all the whispering leaves.

We murmur of the moon—and there is she
Shining and moving unimaginably !
What coloured words can paint a thing so pale ?

And, lo the sun, and we would laud him well,
Only his gold is all intolerable,
And waxen words are molten and all wan.

So how shall I, who cannot sing of these,
Awake for thee my faltering melodies,—
For thee who art of all the sum and crown?

In thee the whole world's beauty we behold;
Lightly remodelled in a lovelier mould,
With heavenly aids and touches from the stars.

Soft rings thy laughter! Ah, across the land
What echo is it lifts a listening hand,
And lightly tosses back the trifle sweet?

No echo is it, Love, but yonder stream
Gives forth such rippling music as might seem,
Faintly, thy voice as in a vision blurred.

Speak lightly, oh, my Love, the envious sky
Snatches the lovely accents as they fly;
And there they fluctuate, dissolve and fade.



Behold, such chords as thrill thy gentle tone
The wind hath wished to mingle with its own,
Transmuting it unto a mystic cry !

Yea, sky and flower and cloud are but to me
The mirror of thy sweetness and of thee ;
The whole sweet world is but thy riven glass.

Rain Song.

THE rain sweeps down in a mist
Over the iron fields,
And the little drops persist
Till the hard Earth yearns and yields.

Six days a serf of the sun
He wrought him weary flowers ;
At last that lord is gone
And lo, the shadows and showers !

As nuns to a stricken man
Softly throng in crowds,
So assembled and ran
The sweet grey-hooded clouds.

Pouring in wine and oil
Balm and magical myrrh
With deft and tender toil
And soft ethereal stir.

And lo, on the morrow day,
Out of the inn of Night
Departing, he shall say
"I am renewed in might."

Joy.

I BEAR those choicer gifts untold,—
The handmaiden of Happiness
I add a jewel to her gold
And whom she blesses I shall bless.

He who would snatch a boon from me
His bitter anguish to forego
Drowns honey in the salted sea,
Or casts upon the furnace snow.



A Summer Day.

THE fragrant, quivering air is hot
Upon my lips and eyes,
And all sad dreamings are forgot
And all sad melodies.

The great, sweet day is a full sea
Of golden light and flowers,
And as waves passing silently
The flood and ebb of hours.

E'en as the quiet rivulets
Melt in the murmuring sea,
The odours of frail violets
Feed the air ceaselessly.

Ah, that my soul were as the scent
These flowers fling away,
To fade and float insentient
Into this perfect day.

Night.

TO thee, as to some silent forest stream,
I come, O night, to cleanse me from the
day ;

From all its restless hours, which neath the sway
Of savage sunlight quiver and dance and gleam
In strange delight ; and yet, O night, I deem
Thy depth and darkness and the dim delay
Of thy slow waters sweeter far away
With quietude, than the strong day's bright
dream.

Close o'er my head with silence and the chill
Grasp of sweet waters, that no fear or fret
Of glamorous day may linger, or regret
Sully my soul ere it lies calm and still.
Enfold me, Darkness, that I may forget
All the sad toil of Life's perpetual hill.

A Song of Poppies.

AMID the corn twain scarlet poppies sleep
Where slowly, surely, patient toilers
reap.

And, lo Death's feet so surely ever creep
Where poppies sleep.

Cut by Death's sickle they together fall
Cast out, forgotten and forgetting all
Save that they two crowned with Love's coronal
Together fall.

II.

Beloved, I yield for thou hast set thy feet,
Light as rose petals and as roses sweet,
Upon my heart and all its pulses beat
Under thy feet.

The cold stars blossom and the daylight dies,
And yet I may not speak, I may not rise
To kiss thy lips and kiss thy waiting eyes
Ere daylight dies.

My soul yearns ever towards the shoreless sea
Some day with silent sails to wander, free.
Haply some day, Love, your ship too will be
Out on the Sea.

Libitina.

GOD knows I love you not ; that biting hate
Sears my heart deeply when I gaze on you,
That loathing curls my mouth, and tingles
through
My very veins, and e'en disgust grows great
At sight of your firm lips, and all the weight
Of lustful cruelty in the pallid hue
Of those sad heavy eyes, that never knew
The rapture of twin souls confederate.

God knows I love you not—and yet God knows
My lips have touched your mouth with quick
desire ;
That, suddenwise, a fierce and crimson fire
Leaping for you within my sad heart glows :
Ah, that God's anger, ere my short life close,
Would tread you, merciless, into the mire.

Happiness.

WOULDST thou look on Happiness
Seek her not with anxious stress
Where serene she stands afar,
With the sunset and the star.

Ah, in vain expect the sound,
Of her footsteps o'er the ground.
Ah, in vain her radiant face
Strive mid hidden years to trace.

Fair she was beyond thy thought
When, in dreams, thou knew'st her not
Nor, till far she did remove
Did'st thou know whom thou did'st love.

Vale.

HE is no longer ours ; the coloured mouth
Laughing or sorrowful lies cold and grey ;
Ours is his unworn body and the drouth
Of kisses, and Death's trampled bleeding way.
Through our sad hearts ; Ah this alone is ours.

Lay his still body under springing flowers ;
Him now God watches playing with white feet
With the white angels through the nightless
hours,
And smiles to see a child so very sweet,
Unstained and perfect from this anguished
earth.

The angels have his kisses and his mirth,
All that was ours ; the little fastening hand
His warm sweet hair—only is ours the dearth,
The sorrow that but God can understand.

B

Art.

O LIGHTLY woo and without fear,
Possess her lips and eyes,
Easily hold, nor e'er too dear
Her lovely favours prize ;
She loves thy valour, and—a maid
Soft-nurtured—shuns thy woe,
And hates thy fear, nor he afraid
Her smiles shall ever know.

Purification.

WHEN in that last great day of days the
Lord my soul shall bring
Before his terrible judgment throne to speak its
final doom,
And I hear the radiant angel host in rapturous
wonder sing,
And the rapturous song bursts on the air as a
bud that breaks in bloom.

I shall know thy voice in that myriad host of
all the angel throng,
And its notes shall thrill my longing heart as
the sun's rays thrill the rose,
And mine eyes forgetting the face of God and
mine ears the splendid song,
My soul will dream of that deep green vale
where the whispering river flows.

Though the wondrous angel eyes shine bright
as stars in a Southern heaven,
Or waving myriad flowers of blue in an infinite
meadow-land,
I shall feel thy love-lit quickening gaze and the
past shall all be riven
To those swift gracious days of joy 'neath the
shelter of Love's hand.

Dead days will flower before mine eyes ; dead
songs will woo mine ears ;
Dead words will give my heart deep peace ; and
my great love for thee
The Lord will know, and purge my soul, and
for thy pitiful tears
Will wash it pure and white once more in blood
that streamed for me.

Nature in 1900.

THE dream, the dream is fled ! Each flow'r
and tree

Definite stands, devoid of sentient life,
As a machine-made pin or Sheffield knife.

No beauty wanton flames, alone we see
Endless utilitarian industry.

For we who dreamed a Goddess myst'ry-rife,
Awaken'd, are aware of the housewife
And must bewail how business-like she be.

Nay ! for that essence seek of sky or breeze
That stirred thy thought with such delicious
pain,—

Only seek well and thou wilt seek in vain,
For he sees not the dream who verily sees.
Nay, it is thou ! Her moods, her mysteries,
Bide not in air one inch from thine own brain.

Rain.

TENDERLY on the parched brown earth
The rain falls gently singing,
And with its freshness, to the dearth
Of the dry ground, new beauty's birth
Bringing.

As a friend's face when seen again
Sets the heart-pulses ringing ;
So the desired delights of rain,
Joy to the desolate weary grain
Flinging.

And when its grace has thrilled the ground,
From that dark grave upspringing
Its soul within the flowers is found,
On delicate odours all around
Winging.

The Two Gardens.

WITHIN my garden, when Dawn's quiet
tread

Hath shaken down the rustling silver showers
From the light branches, then my radiant flowers
Dance 'neath her breath and on the cool winds
shed

Their fleeting fragrance. Roses white and red,
Tall, swaying lillies, and in hidden bowers
Frail violets fulfil the new-fledged hours
With scents and quivering colours scattered.

At even, I mark, within the city street,
Flowers fed on lust and tears ; but see how fair
That pale, sad face, where vice and virtue meet,
Note this glad child, and look what deep despair
Stares from that woman's eyes—Yet, ah, how
sweet

This young girl's lips and breeze-tost golden hair.

À Travers Les Âges.

(*By Ferd. Khnopff.*)

A GAINST a blue June sky two bodies
white ;

And like red flame the flow of vivid hair
Encrowns the living figure, while the fair
And sexless stone with pallor exquisite
Is clothed ; Two eyes whose passionate fervid
light

Burns towards those sightless orbs which ever
wear

The garb of utter patience ; and the air
'Twixt the live lips is thrilled with deep delight.

Two roses white, and two of tremulous red ;
And to the white the crimson blossoms yearn
To feel, across the years, their pale sweet bliss :
And 'twixt those flowers the years like petals
 shed,
Fade, and as leaves on altar fires burn,
Perish within Love's sacrificial kiss.

Nocturne.

BESIDE the moonlit waters, languid flowers
 Bend to adore their petals blossoming.
In the dark-shadowed pool, through chill night
 hours
They gaze and love their image quivering,
And through the trees the wind sighs mournfully
And like Æolian harp the forest murmurs list-
 lessly.

And even within that wreath of waving buds
Each cold and silver star is mirrored there,
And the deep gloom of wind-stirred water studs
While dancing diamonds, tremulous and fair ;
And at the heart of all these jewels bright
The pale reflection of the moon gleams dim and
 large and white.



Sea Birds.

HAR out over the waters free
Flitting swiftly, then languorously
With quiet wings falling, you seem to be
Foam of the dancing sea.

White as the foam on the infinite grey,
Lightly you float on the tossing spray ;
On the deep waters you swing and sway
With each wave's rise and delay.

Birds more bold than all landbirds are,
Like souls unquiet you flit afar
From the worn sea ways and the lighthouse star
Out and across the bar.

Surely the souls of poets dead
Have with your swift light bodies wed,
And, free'd from the world for ever, fled
Hither, and seaward sped.

Yea, for they heard the low soft call
Of the wandering ways and the mystical
Music that holds the soul a thrall
Till the last waves rise and fall.

Lyric.

VEA, as a dream of Spring-time
Makes sweet the darker Autumn hours,
You bring the soul of daisies
And April flowers.

And you are all the sweetness
Of lillies swaying in the breeze,
Of dawn and fervent noontime
And moonlight peace.

Within your delicate body
The spirit of the swift sunlight
Shines, as the soul that danceth
In chrysolite.

So to my waning summer
That still regrets the wild sweet Spring,
You are that time of music
And blossoming.

A Year's Love Song.

I SAW you first when lovely Spring
Lit all the world anew,
And the glad birds, which welcome sing
To budding flowers, on happy wing
Carolled and flew.

I kissed you first when Summer's sun
Kissed the warm blossoming field
In one long kiss till day was done ;
More passionate mine which your heart won
My heart revealed.

And now 'tis winter, and my heart
Is winter, stript and drear.
All things I cherished now depart
Unheeded, and my pain's worst smart
That you are near.

Summer Wind.

JOYOUS birds are singing,
Laden boughs are swinging,
To the breezes flinging
Scent and petals light ;
Sunrays take their pleasure
In the blossoms' treasure,
Dancing to the measure
Of the winds delight.

Yellow cornfields bending
Show the swift wind wending
O'er their surface, lending
A grace of rippled seas ;
White snow-clouds are sailing
O'er the deep blue, trailing
Gauzy films, scarce veiling
Aught of heaven's peace.

Sparkling wavelets shiver
On the leaping river,
Dashing onwards ever
 With a mad, sweet speed,
Through the summer hours
With their glistening showers
Sprinkling happy flowers
 On the bordering mead.

Earth with joy is thrilling
To the wind's sweet shrilling
Through the light trees, filling
 Bended boughs with song ;
All the world has broken
Into joy, the token
Of the wind's word spoken
 Tremulous and strong.

The Bather.

AH, like some ocean flower
That floats with blossoms free,
Your happy limbs endower
The dancing sea.

Pink, white and red and golden,
Flash in the drowsy air ;
And the sweet sun is holden
In your bright hair.

Too dear for adoration
Too perfect e'en for praise :
The frail dawn's incarnation
With Love's strange ways. c

No words can ease my dreaming,
No song can shrine delight
Of your slim body gleaming
In wave and light.

My lips are hushed from singing
To silence thrilled and sweet,
And love this tribute bringing
To your dear feet,

Shall show how it encloses
My heart flowers blossoming,
And round your heart these roses
Shall twine and cling.

The Garden of the World.

DEEP sleep drew down my eyelids, and I
dreamed

I walked within a wondrous wooded place,
Where many flowers were blooming, and it
seemed

That the frail trees were burdened with the grace
Of myriad fruits and blossoms. Through the
wood

The path stole wandering and though gazing
long

I saw not whither it went, nor whether good
Or ill might be its goal. And ever the song
Of flitting birds entranced the air and fell
Like rain upon the soul, and I thought then
Nothing might render more desirable
This musical, clear coloured sunlit glen :

And many passed along this way and pulled
The many flowers and fruits ; and yet the flame
Of some sweets blazed untouched and no man
culled

These buds, save secretly, as though fierce
shame

Fell upon him who plucked. Whereat in wrath,
Loving their daintyness, I stretched my hand
To gain their wealth and joyance for my path
Along the wondrous wood. Then lo ! one
spanned

My wrist with iron grip, and as I turned
I saw a woman, weary-faced and sere,
And when I questioned her the deep eyes
burned :

“ Men call me Well-doing, and I am Fear.”

Yet as I gazed, lo ! in light wavering air
Her form transmuted, and most delicately
Dawned angel-bright with kindly face and fair

Sweet amorous mouth, and lo ! my hand was
free ;

Then the bright figure smiled and with bent head
Plucked the red flowers and placed them blos-
soming

Within my bosom, and with slow sigh said—
“Men call me Love—my name is Well-doing.”

Hymn to Beauty.

SOUL of things delicate and clear
That blossom in a world grown old
So tired that it may never hear
Thy voice and mysteries manifold.

Master unseen of all our days,
Lord of sweet silence and sweet sound,
Still to thine altar rises praise
Like mist sun-drawn from Autumn ground.

Thy life fulfils each splendid hour
Of golden day, or fervent night,
As the slow scent from swaying flower
Floods the warm air with full delight.

Yea, all desirable fair things
Are quickened only by thy breath,
The passionate kiss that closer clings
And drowns all days in amorous death,

The mystical mute melodies
Of lips and brows and luminous hair,
The wonder of unfathomed eyes
And limbs more white than lillies are,

The cryptic voice of wave and breeze,
The red of roses blossoming,
The dawnlight on the tremulous seas,
The gleaming of a swallow's wing.

Breath of all brightness and all song,
Soul of each sweet and secret thing,
Enwreathed by, enshrined among,
Music and colours quivering.

And though the world's so weary heart
Thrills in no wise with deep desire,
There still are those who drawn apart
Feed with their souls thine altar fire.

Invocation.

MASTER of all deep dreams of dim amaze
Who fillest all the hollow ebon night
With broken years and murmurous mimic days
And withered hours relit to wizard light,
I pray thee people not with spectres pale
The shadowy forests of thy breathless realms,
Nor suffer thy faint citadels to fail
With breath of fear or ought that overwhelms.

But let Her face like a flower wonderful
Bloom on the tremulous dusks of thy domain,
And her low voice chime on the silence dull
Like a fresh stream new started by the rain,
Till *Love* too fervent solve the silent spell
And rapture dies in darkness visible.

Hope.

I SAW, as once I wandered through the night,
Hope like a woman singing in a wood ;
Her beauty blazoned through that solitude ;
Her bosom throbbed with music and delight ;
The very shadows at her song grew bright,
And all the air thrilled round me as I stood.
From o'er me came the rustling of that brood
Of baleful birds that hearkened from their height.

She sang of the redemption of the days—
Of certitude of sweetness mustering,
In the dark time till, at some sudden thing
The labouring gloom break golden—all ablaze !
With surging ecstasy I heard her sing.
Thrilling she sang and paced the devious ways.

The Moon.

A MEDITATION.

HERE I stand on high and a fitful breeze
Stirs in the quiet wood fulfilled with night.
Below the meadow begins and beyond the wood
The world lies wan in the dreaming lustre white
Of a moon that seems to behold it, finding good
And fair to her thought the verdurous mantle
light
Of delicate grass and dimly shivering trees.
Ah ! she wistfully dreams how, fair as these,
Magnificence, once, of meadow and lovely grove
Covered and clothed her softly, whom now the
blight
Of a million merciless winters that never move
Hath cased in an aged crust of iron ice.

Fair as never before though dead to love,
Shines she now in the sky like a thing of price,
The universal jewel, the cosmic pearl,—
Wonderful, white, the luminous love of all,
Greeted ever and praised when the punctual
whirl

Of Earth returns her large to the empty night :
Beloved as never before yet dead to love !
Featherlike how she floats !—or a fairy ball
Tossed to the purple sky—a globe of brightness
Perilous-poised, seeming not to fall
Only by grace of its own exceeding lightness.
Yea I could wonder less at her swayed by wind
Hither and thither wafted at aery will ;
Driven anon aloof and dwindling till
Half lost, at last, among stars and hard to
find ! . . .

Lo, now my thought, how apt to an impish
flight !

Awake I stand and weave but a witches' dream,
Or deem such things as a moon-drawn mind
might deem
That, slumbering, lay too long in the pleasant
light.

Witches! ah the word! can I whisper here—
Ominous—under her very eye, the sound
That breathes her soft defame and a secret fear
Of things Medean, dark,—of the midnight
ground
Trodden in curious dance by Christless feet,—
Of wizard rites—of riotous revelries
Such as belated Hodge in horror sees,
Sickening, all his heart in a panic heat,—
Treacheries, treasons unto our wholesome
race!—
O'er which she bent a mild consenting face
High lady arbitress and mistress sweet?
Is it she little loves us and looketh down

Alien, cold, averse,—only to those
Weird and evil wights of an ill renown
Prosperous?

Ah ! apace the fancy grows . . .
And yet perchance,—for man is a child of
morn—

I think he only thrives in the happy sun
'Mid colours fair and with merry things in sight
And a little faints and seems in the ray forlorn
Of that other light to pale and his pulses run
Languidly—all of him loathing well the white
Desolate lure whose chill, ungenial gleam
Dismays his manhood even the while she seem
Unto his eyes all lovely . . .

But, ah, to-night
My very heart is moved seeing her there
Aloft, alone, silent in soft delay
Moving slow in the high and open air.
Severe, as though absorbed in a solemn care

To swathe the world in sweetness and soothe
away

Some hurt perchance received of the mighty sun
By earth—some evil done by the fiery day !
But now the wind awakes and together run
Over the Heavens—a dark horrific herd—
Clouds like hounds unleashed on a hapless prey.
Lo they leap on her—hungering, angry—! . . .
but she,

Even as one who, using a magic word,
Charms all anger from any ravening beast
Presses peacefully through them, and passes on
Softly. But see where the baffled hordes go by
And seize on trembling stars. And now the sky
Is darkened ; and now the half of heaven is won,
As on they speed to harry the quiet East.

Stars.

HAR o'er me flash toward these dark lands
The white rays of the stars,
Like silver swords in shining hands
Waved in aërial wars.

They flicker in the wind that sways,
Sweeping the hollow night,
Till deep within her darkening ways
My soul is pierced with light.

There move my thoughts, with gloomy stir
Pacing their midnight round,
Funereal people, never fair,
Lords of the piteous ground.

Ah, white and lovely ! purely play
 Within that sultry shade
While these ill forms, aghast and grey,
 Avoid the lightnings made.

O, find them all, where'er they flee
 Flitting—till all be found,
Flashing your lances ceaselessly,
 And swiftly, far around.

Till, like some disenchanted hall
 Of Faëry, silent rests
My soul in joy, awaiting all
 Her lovely, bidden guests.

Sleep.

AH, ah, this fev'rous life ! The torrid air
Scorches : my spirit withers in the glare.
Eager alone she is her wounds to steep
In the cool fathoms of delicious Sleep,
Deeper and of a sweeter depth than seas
Beautifully moving in their energies
Crystalline : having such cold ecstasy
As thrills Old Ocean's deeps. Yea even as he
Murmurs, and muses with an inward voice
Drowsily, so the subtle drowned noise
Of Sleep's soft accents in the murmurous dream :
More than a silence—less than sound they
seem ;
Yea like a foamèd silence,—not so hard
As that serene sky silence set to guard
The secret of concealed Heavenly Things
D

Awaiting aye our wonder,—but as sings
The whitened wave thinning along the shore
So and with such a softness evermore,—
Colourless, tuneless, even inaudible,
Sleep whispers round the soul with fall and
 swell.

Ah, long in such oblivion may I lie !
Let even Hope be stilled nor e'er come nigh
Any hot memories of the day's delight
Like flaming torches that disturb the night.
Nay ! swiftly, Night, enswathe me ! Weave
 thy weft
Closely around lest a fierce way be reft
By entering thoughts that burn in ebon hours,—
Terrible suns, intolerable Stars !

Song.

MY Lady sings, and at her notes
The air thrills tenderly,
Her angel voice around me floats
Softly, deliciously ;
My Lady sings : from other throats
Comes no such song to me.

My Lady laughs, and then the day
Grows sweeter with her glee,
And like a bough of April spray
Buds with bright melody
My Lady laughs : no sound so gay
As that swift sound to me.

My Lady loves all lovely things,
For their great queen is she ;
And yet perchance My Lady flings
Love's flowers more generously,
For she may love whate'er fate brings
If only she love me.

Roundel.

THE sun looked out, the flowers all
 Uttered a soft melodious shout
 As from its clouded heavenly hall
 The sun looked out.

Ah, ah, that music mystical !
 (I prithee nurse not any doubt
 I tell it as it did befall.)

Sweet cried the rose and lily tall
 With sudden song, and swayed about
 When scattering far gloom's chilly pall
 The sun looked out.

Sonnet.

Each day, a beautiful and serene thing
Comes to me crystal-clear with incident hue,
Of any moments gold of sun or blue
Of sky, with, haply, crimson glimmering
Of sweetest sunset, and each dawn shall bring
Another such bright gift in sequence due,
Replete, as all, with limpid raptures new
Wherein my soul may glory wandering.

And yet with mist of sorrow, and divers strife
And turmoil of dusk thoughts and constant
care
I soil my precious boon, and all the rare
Delicate hours wax dim with dust of life
Yea, through all day's bright space such woe^{is}
rife
That to my anguish only night seems fair.

Sonnet.

As one man, being drawn against his will
By many, flings him prostrate, not to stir,
So I by my ill thoughts constrained still,
Unto their own dark haunt, cannot upbear
And face them with "I will not" in great wise,
Knowing some perfect cure for such as they,
But cling to earth amain, and close mine eyes
Till the sad hour has passed to sweeter day.

Pride beats my desperate hands from many a
hold,
Anger from this, anguish from many a stay,
And misused Fancy oft, when briefly bold,
With fear of fear steals all my calm away.
Will is the one hope of the human breast
Without is self-deceit or long unrest.

To A—— B——.

YOU sang and I recall not in what tongue
But in some lithe and very lovely tongue.
Flooding with soft and fluent syllables
Unusually this Northern air of ours ;
And modulated by your moving lips
The sounds to me seemed imageable things
Like fairy fruits or soft aerial blooms
Falling ; and ever lightly in the air
Floating, and still increasing in the air,
They wrought in it a coloured ecstasy;
And mingled delicately and never died.
And I—and unto many this were strange
But I was rapt strangely, unusually—
I saw your eyes, two soft and lustrous glooms,
Gazing in reverie and sad regard
Seriously through the hovering happy sounds,—

Silently through the singing, circling words.
These fell and flashed and scattered like blown
rain

A slanting sunray tenderly illumines ;
These fluttered sombre like descending leaves
That whirl and darken in an autumn sky ;
These like those tiny birds of brightest wing ;
Or like the racing flakes of hurried snow ;
Or like the ever-singing earnest bees ;
Or like those painted flies that play on streams ;
Or like soft petals of wind-rifled roses ;
Fluttered or fell or variously flew.

And ever, as one sees through flurried snow
And notes, deeply behind, the hue of night
I saw your eyes that, still in silence, gazed
Seriously through the lovely various sounds
Seriously through the sinking sombre sounds . . .
Strangely I felt the influence of these
Twin luminous orbs of darkness, and I felt
A silence welling from their sombre deeps

And softening through those wavering myriads
That from your perfect lips came wonderfully,
Innumeraably departing in delight.
Through these thrilling, a steadfast influence
And languorously disowning their delight,
That quietude found subtilly my soul
And I your sadness knew and still disdain.
Softly you sang, softly to many an one,
Adeptly, swiftly, sweetly, marvellously—,
Uniquely ravished the esurient ear
And unto avid Memory bestowed
Ethereal largess in a costly fall
Of lightest gold and luminous difference
Of gems deep coloured and desirable.
A hundred you with dazzling jewelry,—
With coloured lightnings brilliantly allured,
But one with lustre of a single star ;
A hundred to aerial yearnings charmed
With rapture of the seven-coloured shower
But one with pallor of a lonely sea !

Yea, many delicately with silken strands,
Reticulated dangerously, you drew,
And me with unintricate silken line ;
Swiftly, intricately to many an one
You sang ; to me discoveréd your soul,
To those bright song, to me a silence gave.

Dawn to Darkness.

E'EN as a swallow, in her flight,
Turns, wheels, and dips on happy wings
My soul once flew in perfect light
Mid pure and innocent things.

Then, as at close of summer day,
Colours grow dim, ere light has gone,
My soul endured mid all things grey,
And sobbed for the sweet sun.

Now, as a traveller in the night,
Who notes in sullen western skies
The last soft streak of waning light,
My soul in terror lies.

Night wanderer still, I ever turn
My weary eyes towards the dawn,
Waiting till in the dark east burn
The tremulous rose of morn.

A Far Island.

THERE is an isle in strange far seas,
Where birds are fluting and the tall
palm trees

Sway languidly.

The long grass whispers, and the flowers
Of azure blue dream in the still noon hours
Deliciously.

No feet have ever touched that earth ;
No ears have heard the musical light mirth
Flow daintily ;
No eyes have mirrored the sweet glow
Of all those splendid flowers nodding slow
And ceaselessly.

“How shall we know it, Love of mine,
The flower-flushed grass, the air like golden wine,
The cloudless sky?”

Nay, for no other flowers so blue,
No grass so close the quick airs ever woo,
No palms so high.

“What shall we say, when on that land
We part the clinging foliage hand in hand,
And wonderingly
Hear birds among the thick trees sing,
Flitting from branch to branch on quiet wing
Perpetually?”

Nought shall we say, Love, in those hours
Amid the musical trees and glowing flowers
And circling sea ;
Only your silent mouth shall tell,
All that our souls have dreamed and known so well,
Eternally.

Desire.

THE world is gold and green and fair,
And o'er the river's murmurous flow
Floods sudden melody.

Ah ! brown sweet thrush, deep hidden there
Mid sheltering leaves that ne'er avow
Their heart of living glee ;
Sing, all this azure day ;
Sing long ; sing daintily ;
Sing ; till the bright air cools to grey
Sing

You are the voice of all delight ;
And all desire thrills at your notes
Of tremulous ecstasy ;
And to deep mysteries infinite

My heart upon your music floats,
Your measureless minstrelsy
Sing, all this delicate day
Sing low ; sing languorously ;
Sing ; till night steals the sun's last ray,
Sing

And yours the voice of silent things
Of unimagined love and woe,
And voiceless harmony ;
And wafted by the quivering wings
Of your swift song, my pale dreams glow
To flaming fantasy.
Sing ; all this crystal day
Sing loud ; sing passionately ;
Sing : till the twilight fades away
Sing.

The Prisoned Heart.

WHY comest, Love? the branch-grown ways
Unto my heart are fast and bound,
And through unnumbered nights and days
My heart lies bleeding, fastened round
With burning rope and biting wire.
Too late thou comest, I know not,
Love, or glad dreams of soft desire ;
Lying thus long I have forgot
All that is sweet ; the swaying flowers,
Children's bright hair and wondering eyes
Fulfilled with sunshine and light showers,
And Spring's quiet mystic melodies.
Like some grey ghost I softly pass,
Untouched by all that lies around,
Over the green and tender grass

■

I move, and know not if the ground
Be rough or smooth.—Ah, Love, go hence !
My heart lies cold and blind and spent,
And yet I know that strained and tense
The chains would stretch, and haply rent,
If aught of thy throat's melody
Thrilled where she lies bound thong by thong.
O Love adorable, I lie
A suppliant, O go hence, cease song.
Cease thy long drawn sweet miracle
Of music throbbing, quivering
In passionate bursts, as some clear bell
Flings waves of rainbow sound that wing
Up through the summer air. Nay, Love,
Leave my worn heart in weariness,
Amid her cords I hear her move,
Awake, and fain thy votaress.

The End.

I NEVER loved you. Never have I known
That which is you. To me you never
came

Out from your clear blue eyes, though many a
flame

Of pride and passion flickered, bent and blown
Backwards and sideways, as in my heart was
shown

Whether I was your slave, or whether shame
Had roused my soul to worship the high name
Of Lustless Love and kneel before his throne.

Nay, loose me ; we have given each other all
That we can ever give. And so it ends.

And though this day of Passion's funeral
Be not Love's birthday, yet no slow tears fall
Down your still face or mine. We are not
friends ;

Your soul on yours and mine on mine depends.

In North Wales.

The Sleeping Woman.

(CONWAY HILLS SEEN FROM COLWYN BAY).

Fiercely averse thou seem'st, as, in despair,
Loathing the wide light bay and lucent air.
Resenting that glad sea of blue and white,
And cowering for the covering gloom of night,

Bryn Euryn.

All hail, O little hill, whose own estate
Hardly among all hills is high or great,
Yet great thou seem'st and dreadful, looking
 down,
O little hill, upon this little town.

Darkness.

I AM the source and end of things ;
Deep in my breast a tumult swings,
With murmurings and glimmerings.

I am a colour fairer far
Than all of earth or ocean are,
Or air contains or sun or star.

Hither shall turn the tired eyes,
Averting from the vivid skies,
Of all the wise and the unwise.

But ye delight continually,
Regarding gold and what things be
Shining and beautiful to see.

Yea, any crimson—any gold—
Or aught of azure to behold
Your hearts are eager from of old.

And myriad, gleaming thoughts imbue
And hueless soul with changing hue
Of changing passions through and through.

Yea, even as colours are they all
That through the crystal hours befall
With varying tint continual.

Seeming, indeed, delicious things,
Full meet for laud and thanksgivings
And burden sweet for whoso sings.

Yet even the richest and most sweet
Ill poisons are—an evil heat
Burns in their essence, fierce and fleet.

But where I wax with soft increase
Peace waxeth in the soul—surcease
Of ill, an ecstasy of ease.

II.

Now is the worship of the sun :
Lo, visibly his seal upon
The stricken souls of all and one.

Yea, sun-cursed are ye all ; his beam
So hath bedazzled that ye deem
Of me but ill ; and haply dream

Of utter radiance at the last
In some gold city whence, aghast
All shadow and shade shall be outcast.

But lo, thou sun, the soul divine
How fair, how delicately fine,
Too faint for that fierce gaze of thine.

Behold, thy blaze and burning weight
Must mar and master soon or late
Its delicate ethereal state !

And, so diseased, it hardly will
Its own delicious doom fulfil
But wither into something ill.

But I—as some descending Eve
In its grey essence doth receive
The gaudy world, and all things weave

Into a wide sweet weft of gloom—
So I at last aloof shall loom,
Enduing all with peaceful doom.

Then shall I heal your fevered thought
Of all its bright ideal wrought
In madness by your mind distraught :

Revealing well how all things bright
Are but a fierce and ill delight
That woe, and divers wounds requite.

Yea, then at last your tired eyes
Averted from the vivid skies
Shall love me well, for with me lies

The only guerdon, only gain
Of long device and myriad pain
For all is vain, as I am vain.

Love's Wandering.

THROUGH the world's wandering ways
Love's wounded feet have trod,
In deep unending maze
O'er stone and briar and sod.

Wearied and faint and sore,
He yearns his heaven to find,
With wandering ways before
And wandering ways behind.

The sunlight scarcely slips
Through tangled branches dead
To kiss his sobbing lips
Or soothe his weary head.

False lips and eyes entreat
His wandering steps to stay,
False hands enclasp his feet,
False hearts demand delay.

His frightened wondering eyes
Hither and thither turn,
Most innocently wise
True lovers to discern.

Some lovers know him not
With little mire-soiled feet,
Some lovers have forgot
That Love is very sweet.

And some by fear are bound,
Nor unto him may move,
Who would by Love be crowned
And know that he is Love.

For some men say " Desire "
Is weary Love's true name,
His kisses quenchless fire
Of foul and dreadful flame.

And few cast off all fears,
Kissing his tired eyes,
Washing his feet with tears,
Calming his frightened cries.

And only they can know,
Love's little lips that burn
On hair and mouth and brow,
And Love's delight discern.

Love's Autumn.

AH ! as in Autumn, coloured grievously,
With dreadful beauty of diseased leaves
The hectic hue deceives,
So is it even with thee ;—

So is it with thy love, devising so
An anxious splendour and such offering
As vieth with the Spring
That died full long ago.

Ah ! like the perfume of the perishing year
Thy careful sweetness ! Thy well schooled tone
Softening for mine ear,
Is even at this wind's moan.

And lo ! as these wan leaves that, fluttering down,
Touch my pale cheek, thy lifeless words descend
 On my heart, silent grown,
 Knowing the destined end.

Ah, even as Summer passed let Love depart !
The listless wind comes with a keener breath ;
I think Earth yearns for Winter, as my heart
 Desireth Death.

Spring Song.

NOW Hope her bosom filleth
With flowers as she may ;
Wherever the wind willeth
Her feet are fain to stray.

No scornful eyes behold her :
Doubt lieth cold and dead,
And braver still and bolder
Her light and happy tread.

Lo, one on rapturous pinion
Alights and, lingering near,
Cries ' This is my dominion,
And will you be my dear ? '

Ode to the Wind.

OH thou only freewender of the world
An urgent Presence carrying high clouds
Swiftly, thy flying robe teasing the trees !

Who chauntest to the herdsman on the hills
Reiterate, until his thought is stirred
And wonders of the distance and the sea.

Wailer at eve, remembering in gloom
All olden sorrows and long fallen tears,
And that faint woe that hath not any words.

Surely thou utterest no idle noise,
No empty whisper to an unconscious Earth !
Ah, to some ear it is not mystery !

Into her drowsèd ear thou croonest low,—
Her immemorial bard—and with swift breath
In wailing cadence chauntest thy wild theme.

Haply of her first sons thou tell'st, a brood
Mighty, whose every deed herself concerned,
To those not cold as to our meaner race.

Lo 'neath this lowering sky, in this dim plain
Certainly a slow knowledge grows on me
With gradual horror like the fall of night.

My shallow spirit like a little pool,
Crystal, that filleth with the fallen gloom,
Is darkening at a huge o'ershadowing thought.

Lo thine enormous murmur seems a tale
Of mightiest beings that have mourned, and died
In gloom and unimaginable woe.

F

And yon dark mountain I so oft have seen,—
Ah!—I remember for a monument
Of some immane ineffable event.

Alas! Alas! the pity of it! the wrong!
Ah! Ah! the enormous evil! ah the ill
That in that moment aged the careless Earth!

Ah the gods rose aghast! . . . Too late! too
late! . . .
. . . Too late! And an Æolian moan filled
heaven.

But the eyes even of the Fates held tears.

And still Earth broodeth, the dread dream
returns
Often, and from that huge far distant hour
The black shade falleth through these lesser
years.

But, ah, my heart, like some wan leaf the gale
Shaketh, and menaceth with mournful doom,
Trembles in the too great reveal'd grief.

Fitlier, O Wind, unto this little heart
Descant on littler themes—my tiny joys
Recall, or bring me, if thou must bemoan,

That vague slight essence that dejects the soul
With delicate anguish and a honied woe,—
The faint aroma of past human years.

Quatrains.

On One who Died in Sleep.

LIGHTLY submerged in the sweet wave of
sleep

Her soul took ease, then, strangely, as she lay
Sank suddenly through that unsounded deep . . .

Softly. Strong currents bore her far away.

Patches.

I do not wish my love immaculate :

The tiny sins upon so sweet a soul

Show like the dainty patch of former date,

And with small blemish but enhance the
whole.

To Sleep.

DESCEND, as once I saw, delicious Sleep,
A mist snow-white, drawn from the
glittering deep,
Deal exquisitely with Earth making her whole,
So thou ; and drench and sweeten all my soul.

To D. G. R.

ONLY Delight is lovely I aver !
Laborious Art is labour all in vain.
Thy loftiest measures, O Artificer,
Charm me but half divining all thy pain.

To —

NOT ill, O Friend, thy labours, that intent
Severe to be and simply eloquent ;
Lest thou be weak beware or too severe,
Simple *ineloquence* lurks ever near !

Awakening.

TO-DAY I marvel what I would be at :
My soul, intent and happy yesterday,
Last night arose, revolving like a cat
And softly settling looks the other way.

**To One who Wished to Retort upon
an abject Critic.**

DAY Friend, respect thy Spade! Such
reptile blood

Were ill to boast, and—though thou smite
him twain

Yet, writhing in his hideous hardihood,
Still would he twist and squirm and come
again.

**On Reading Pater's Imaginary
Portraits.**

THE hushed '*nil nisi bonum*' style—the end
Foreseen, foreshadowing all, combine to
lend—

To me, at least it seems,—an air to these
Of long elaborate obituaries.

The Doubter.

HIS wondering soul at last was in the air
And soared and soared and gained the
outer space,

Whence, suddenly, the stars that grew apace
Were blotted and—lo wonderful—that fair
City of Jasper, dazzling, even as where
'Tis writ! And a great sunshine lit his face
Cast from no sun. But he, in half amaze,
“Surely,” he cried, “a dream! I cannot
dare——”

Darkness! He thought it burned into his brain.
His aching eye-balls stared for aye unfed
Into the void, till gloom'd colours bled
Where sight had pierced, in slowly welling
stain,
Crimsons and scarlets, like a visible pain
Fleeing from out the cool and easeful dead.

Affinity.

SWEET thou callest, faint and sweet
Like a bird through noontide heat,
Far at times, anon more near ;
Sweet thou callest and I hear.

As a dove may moan and brood
In some huge mysterious wood,—
A drowsèd note, a drownèd voice
Heard through noontide's busy noise,

Comes thy voice across the world
On the loud wind swelling,—whirled,
Dying, into distance ; then
Dying . . . living . . . loud again.

Faint thou callest, faint and sweet,
But where'er thy little feet
Wander and thy dear heart glow
Dream I may but never know.

Love to me is like a star
A warrior sees o'er surging war,
Sweet the lustre, but more near
Gleams the sword, the poising spear.

TO F—— R——.

LADY, so fair thou art a certain fear
Visits me often, for I wish thee well.
Thy loveliness is as a luminous air
Clothing thee, or a magic radiance
Falling upon thee from some fairy moon ;
So pale thou art and mystically sweet.
Wherefore this fear, this dim uneasiness
Disturbs me, dreading lest some dubious thing
Should disarray a bloom so delicate,
And thus I venture, wishing thee to lend,
Wisely, an ear to this mine anxious word.
Go not among deep shadow or among
The dim intricacies of evening woods :
Be wary of all darkness ; nay avoid
The gentlest gloom, nor e'er at midnight hour

Be far away from brightness ; for a shade
Too deeply woven may have for thee great harm
And bring some grey disaster on thy bloom
Or work a dimness on thy brilliance dear,
Soiling thy brightness. Exquisite thou art
An aery foreigner, an alien sprite,
Too sylph-like to feel sure or wholly safe
Or confident in these gross nights and days.
Yet wilt thou find white hours thy best allies
While here thou stay'st : but if at last thou fade,
Vanishing haply under a bright moon
To join thine undiscoverable kin,
Be kind to me from out the invisible
Recalling this and how I counselled thee.

After Reading a History of the Commune.

O PARADISAL Paris ! Yet, for me
God help such paradise ; if such can be !
Too perilous though all delectable,
Tremulous heaven built o'er slumbering hell !

Impression du Matin.

GREY on the hills,
Haze on the hills,
Rose where the sky meets the shimmering sea,
Where from the deeps
The whirling sun steeps
Earth in soft colour and clear melody.

Gold on the sea,
Pink on the sea,
Burns from behind the long lightening hills ;
Now in blue deeps
Each star, sinking, sleeps,
The air with the sun's dancing golden light thrills.

Roundel.

BEFORE thine eyes, O little one,
 The wealth of seas and flowers and
 skies
 Falters, and fear makes pale the sun
 Before thine eyes.

And when these brighter days are done,
 Will the slow years bring song or sighs?
 Will joy be ended or begun?

Nay, Love, ere from that bright brow dies
 Peace; and ere grief thy heart has won,
 May Death from distant realms arise
 Before thine eyes.

The Death of Delight.

WHE morn is sweet, and all the sky is blue,
The birds sing softly, and breezes scatter
dew ;

Ah, that tis sweet, so sweet it stings me through
With thoughts of you.

The world is clear ; and yet, I think, for me
No light, no loveliness, can ever be ;
Yea, though the world should blossom wondrously
I should not see.

Lo, you have darkened all heavens splendid
light ;
Lo, you have cursed the day, and made it night,
For to your fathomless eyes had taken flight
All pure delight.

Love's Triumph.

I.

AS in some dull orchestral overture,
Wherein the ear is overwhelmed and
drowned

In the full foam of echoing thunderous sound,
There sometimes blossoms, budlike, immature,
Some delicate phrase, whose fluting notes allure
The soul to wakefulness ; then, scarcely found,
It fails and falters, compassed and enwound
By storm of brazen trumpets full and sure.

So while I watched all those who pass along,
All vain desire and pride and vain delight,
False painted women, and men bowed wearily
Pacing the pavement ; then from out the throng,
Like some swift star, you pass in sudden flight,
Perfect, unflawed, with sweet unshadowed eye.

G

II.

AS one who having wooed throughout the
night

Sleep, but in vain, at length in patience lies,
Desirous of the dawn and slow sunrise
Flinging its rays in wide sweet flickering flight ;
Yet when his windows redden with the light,
Now slumberous grown, he fain would close his
eyes

To the light-flood that swiftly glorifies
His silent room in all its shade's despite.

So have I waited for thy coming, Love,
In the close darkness of my soul's recess,
Yet when thy sun shone on my lone distress
To hide my slothful eyes I longtime strove ;
In vain, O Love, for all the air above
Gleams and grows radiant with thy loveliness.

III.

LOVE, will you never know? then is my soul
Poured like spilt wine along the thirsty
ground ;

While you with laughing eyes stand careless,
crowned

With youth's delight and beauty, and the whole
Of your glad days two transient loves control ;
One, that all change from morn to morn be
found,

Then, that light laughter be the only sound
To greet your ears, such your desire's goal.

To love in silence, and to know Love's crown
May never bind the brow, only to strive
To ever with my life protect your own
From all unrest and sorrow ; or to give
Wings to your peace, when passion, naked
shown,

Shall haunt your soul and on its ruin thrive.

IV.

NOW is my soul enshadowed by Love's hair,
And naught can see save through those
wind-stirred threads,
And every breeze comes odorous and sheds
Petals of crimson blossoms on the air.
Within this quiet bower, Life's throbbing glare
Of strong crude colour fades, (as when one treads
From echoing stone to sudden moss) and weds
With this soft shade, a gentler garb to wear.

My soul is thine, O Love, enslaved and thrall
To all thy fates and agonising fears.
I cannot see if laughter or swift tears
Shall wreath my brow as thy last coronal :
Nay, though this love be my soul's funeral
This is the golden year of all my years.

V.

WHAT words are worthy, Love? How can I
tell

Why you are dear? Shall we not rather keep
Mouth pressed to mouth, long silence sweet
and deep?

So shall we hear, as in some murmuring shell,
Echoes of Love's mysterious ocean-swell ;
And then perchance your soul and mine shall
sweep

Out on that wide eternal sea, and reap
Knowledge of Love's melodious miracle.

Then when I say "I love you " you will hear,
Through those weak words, the wind that from
the strings

Of my tense heart draws song, and you will learn
All that I would have said, and those deep things
No tongue has ever said, and will discern
Why to my heart you are so very dear.

Soothsay.

Who with strange words and wantonly
 Would heat the pure Pierian Spring,
He compasseth iniquity,
 Devising a disordered thing.

Who finds the Muse's fire small,
 And all her fervour waxing dim,
Stay silent, lest it so befall
 A worse thing happen unto him.

Who addeth to her altar fire
 Myrrh, frankincense and cinnamon,
Shall be deceived of his desire ;
 There is no help for such an one.

Night.

WITH languid eyes turned towards the east
The earth awaits cool night ;
Day's murmuring music now has ceased
With the swift ebb of light.

The singing bird has sought her nest ;
The flower has drooped her head ;
All weary things desire sweet rest
Since the dear sun has fled.

The sea waves sigh with quiet song ;
The hushed winds sing a low
Sad lullaby the trees among
And where chill waters flow.

One moment's passionate silence holds
The dew steeped fields and trees,
Then night with perfect kiss enfolds
The tired world in peace.

Adoration.

THE whispering sea-winds woo mine ear ;
The scents of waving flowers float
Over the happy world ; and clear
The amorous linnet's piping note.

Ah, pure and delicate delight
Of fragrant air, and song, and flowers,
Of blue deep heaven, and swallows' flight,
And noon's swift fervent rapturous hours.

And dear the white and innocent heart
Of virgin love and unstained youth,
Which from all evil dwell apart
With peace and purity and truth.

And yet, I may not worship you,
For subtler threads my soul have bound
Than scent of flowers, or heaven's blue,
Or wind, or waters murmuring sound.

Ah, rose-stained love ! Ah, rose-red lights !
Ah scents of wine, and lutes' slow strain !
You have my worship, wondrous nights
Of passionate pleasures, passionate pain.

You have my worship, mystic flowers
Of restless joy, and deep desire,
And you have filled my yearning hours
With aching love and crimson fire.

For ere your lovers ought may win
They e'en must brave reproach and shame ;
Your joys are bought with tears and sin,
And fenced with fear, and ringed with flame.

**And he who at your shrine has knelt
May never turn his throbbing eyes,
Save when his slumbering soul has felt
Christ's wounds and anguished mysteries.**

A School Break.

INTO the yard a rush of little feet ;
And then the summer air enshrines delight
Of children's laughter in its fall and flight ;
While the sun shines more gaily, since such
sweet

Divine fair faces turn like flowers to greet
His gentle gaze, and his gold beams may light
In tender kisses slow and exquisite
On their soft mouths that smile beneath his
heat.

Ah, sweeter far, I ween, to the Lord's ear
This joyous laughter than the solemn hymn
Of white-robed choir in measured melody
Pacing the aisle of some cathedral dim ;
Nay, for God surely smiles and counts most dear
Of all his wealth this childish ecstasy.

The Passing of the Year.

STRICKEN and sere and weary, O depart,
Thou who art glutted to the throat with all
Sorrow and death and ravishings of heart,
O swiftly pass to that glad funeral,
Clothed in thy shroud of crime and crimson woe ;
Lest the pure unborn year should see thy face,
And that such sin, such foulness and such
shame

Dwelt here one moment know.

This be thy last, thy first and only grace ;
Swiftly depart lest he should hear thy name.

The winter snow was stained and glimmered red ;
The winds of spring were tainted, and its flowers
Perished beneath that breath ; sad summer fled
Ere its bright wealth lay open, and its hours
Had glowed and blossomed in the quivering air

Filled with the sun and colour of sweet trees ;
Autumn alone gazed long in glad delay
Mid loosened yellow hair,
Crowned with corruptions that gave dreadful
 peace
E'en to her quenchless thirst for all decay.

Hast thou not slain our loveliest sweetest ones ?
Hast thou not drained our dreams and our
 desires ?

To us, beseeching, thou hast given stones
And scourged our souls with scorpions, and
 with wires

Of deep despair hast bound them. Hasten hence
E'en to thy lover Death, and the last sleep
Of utter nothingness. As a burnt bough
Fades suddenly like incense
Upon the eddyng airs which swiftly sweep
Its smouldering ashes whither no man may
 know.

The Hermit

To Aphrodite Epistrophia

I LOATHE thee well who ne'er can love,
Goddess, the worship of the grove ;
I little wist, nor would I know
What paths soe'er thy paces go.

Not me thy enchantments please
Thy heats, thy fiery fantasies,
Though oft thou lurest, fair to see,
The beast that is fast link'd with me.

For I am ware of him at times,
Have felt the terror of his crimes,
The scorching fervour of his wrath,
And all my soul grew sick with death.

The beast is thine, yea all and one
Who love and revel in the sun
Yea all is thine—the murmuring whole
Of Life, saving the simple soul.

And some there are whose souls are mute,
Watching the gambols of the brute,
With eager gaze intent that heeds
His fashion and his foetid deeds.

But one at times is wise to know
The loftier aim, the lovelier glow,
Yet still must quell with contest long
That linkèd foe thrice fierce and strong.

But all the bases of his life
Are shaken—yea with that fierce strife
The towers and minarets of Time
Have trembled even from the prime.

And thus on every wind arise
The murmurs of his ceaseless sighs,
And all his constant horrid fears
Are mirrored in distorted years.

And lo for this the lovely thought
May not be delicately wrought
In lovely deed ; the outlines flow
Awry and waver to and fro.

And thus things delicate are done
And things that shock the secret sun ;
And thus no act is pure of ill
For all a broken thought fulfil.

And ruth and divers ills succeed
The disappointment of the deed,
And dimness of a gradual dole
Clouds the clear crystal of the soul.

So for this knowledge I have heed
To wreak not in the dubious deed
The shining thought ; I clasp with care
My dream, nor utter it in air.

What raptures move, what passions may
Quicken the passage of my day
Uttered to thee, the words would still
Unuttered seem, nor well nor ill.

Swift ecstasies, divine delights
Sweep through my glowing days and nights
Like more delicious winds than move
In the bright world my senses love.

Like moths and sudden butterflies
The lovely-coloured hopes arise,
Or some like sweet half-drowsing bees
Fill all the air with murmurous peace.

And here and there some fair hope glows
Silvery in a heaven of rose
As oft there beams, serene and far
O'er sunset skies, the single star.

And one is like a golden bird,
And loud his lovely note is heard ;
He soars and soars up the sweet sky,
Then floats and flutters very high,

Singing, singing as he sees
My twined thoughts that are his trees
Wherein he nests and whence he springs
High into heaven again and sings.

Lo, Goddess, in what other groves
Like evening winds my wishes move
That hardly stir the listless trees
Yet add an ecstasy to peace.

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